MAGAZINE

قصة عشق وماذا عنٍ سودانية عشقت يمنياً

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English Version

In a world where no mistake is forgiven, my story didn't begin with love... it was a guidance

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In a time when distances multiplied and hearts scattered, there had to be a story to remind us that true love knows no borders and discriminates between no lands. This is not merely a love story; it is a journey of a soul searching for meaning in belonging, a heart learning the essence of sacrifice, and a spirit finding in faith a tranquility it couldn't find anywhere else.

We enter together a world that brings together the Sudan of the earth and the Yemen of the heavens, where souls meet before bodies ever do, and where inspiration becomes love, and love becomes faith. In this story, we learn that difficult decisions are made not from the strength of conviction, but from the fear of loss, and that true lovers are not those who never make mistakes, but those who know how to overlook each other's weaknesses and how to open their hearts anew.

But this story also teaches us that there is a difference between someone who loves you out of fear of losing you, and someone who loves you for your own sake. As we read, we must ask ourselves: Is forgetting a betrayal? Or are some memories carved into the heart forever?

Chapter One: The Encounter

He entered my life as nothing more than an advisor, reminding me of prayer and pulling me toward a path I had been drifting away from, little by little. I wasn't searching for anyone, but he came as if he were the answer to a prayer I hadn't uttered. His voice filled voids in my soul I didn't know existed.

I would confide in him my pain, cry to him about problems that had exhausted my heart, and he would comfort me and calm me down, taking my hand toward tranquility. Day after day, our conversations became a habit, and his voice became a peace I couldn't find anywhere else. I couldn't understand how a stranger could understand me so precisely, read between the lines of my words, and extend his hand to me when I needed it most.

But hearts don't ask permission when they decide to beat, and minds cannot program their feelings when the unexpected arrives. While I thought I had found in this person a true friend and spiritual guide, the soul was whispering things I wasn't ready to hear.

> **He came as if Destiny itself had arrived,\nSo don't say this is luck or chance,\nBut rather Allah wanted to show you\nThat when love knocks on the door...**

I didn't know that those whispers would turn into the cry of a heart that would change my life forever. I only felt a peace I had never felt before, and a safety I thought would last. But fate was hiding much more for me.

And finally, that day came when everything changed. An ordinary day among the days of life, but it would remain etched in my memory as a turning point I never expected. I was in the car on my way to an event that didn't concern me much, scrolling through my phone carelessly, thinking the day would be like any other day that had passed.

Chapter Two: Love

When he confessed, he said it simply, and it bewildered my world. Just four words: "I love you." He said it with a calm voice and a confident tone, as if telling me a truth that was no longer a secret. Four words that turned my life upside down.

And for the first time in my life, I didn't run away. I didn't step aside or hide behind walls of fear. I reciprocated the feeling, as if my heart had been leading up to this for ages. He was

truthful in what he said, and I was truthful in what I felt. And from that moment on, everything changed.

> **He said he loved me... and I couldn't understand how a man could say that so simply? Then I realized... this is true love... no pretense, no exaggeration, just a pure truth like water.**

He was beautiful... not only in his features, but in his spirit, his piety, his jealousy that made me feel like something precious. He would be jealous over a glance or a small detail, while I was the opposite: careless, not as committed as I should be. He wanted me to be better, not because he didn't love me as I was, but because he knew I deserved better.

But the path to true love is not paved with roses. He tried to draw me closer to Allah, to make me hold tighter to my religion, to be the Muslim woman he wanted. And he loved me in a way that didn't frighten, but reassured. He loved me as one loves a precious gem, afraid of it from everything.

And with all his attempts, I felt shortcoming. I knew I wasn't giving him what he deserved, that I wasn't what he wanted. But he was patient, and he loved me despite everything. And this is what I feared most: not deserving such love.

Chapter Three: The Choice

He tried so much... until the day came when he put me before a choice I wasn't prepared for. It wasn't an ordinary choice, but a turning point that would determine the fate of our relationship. He wanted me to commit more, to be more steadfast in my religion, to cut off everything that might distance me from him.

So I got scared. Not because I was fully convinced, but because I couldn't bear the idea of losing him. My fear of losing him was greater than my ability to be honest with myself. So I chose to stay... at any cost. I wore the niqab and swore on the Quran that no man would see me, and that no one would touch my heart but him.

And I was truthful then. My heart knew no one else. It was a pure heart still keeping its innocence, loving without knowing how to love anyone else, giving without knowing how to take from anyone else.

He also swore. He swore not to betray, not to look at anyone else, to be only mine. Our vows were written on the pages of the heavens, and the whole world was witness. Or so I thought.

> **I swore to you by Allah and by all I love\nYou are my soul and you are my life\nSo don't betray and don't betray my trust\nYou know I have no one but you**

But hearts when forced... grow tired. And covenants when not built on true conviction... collapse. I did what I did out of fear, not faith, and the result was always the same: collapse.

Chapter Four: Parting and Return

And with time, weakness crept in. I didn't feel confident enough in my choice, and I hadn't matured enough to bear the responsibility of this decision. At one of the women's gatherings, I removed my niqab... just for one moment. I thought it was fleeting, just a moment of relief from the pressure of commitment.

But lies don't live long, and the truth always surfaces. Not much time passed before he found out. He didn't ask much, nor did he complain too much. He knew why I did it, knew that my fear of losing him was greater than my ability to remain steadfast.

And yet, he chose to leave me. A silent departure without farewell. He could have given me a chance, tried with me again, understood that I was a victim of my fear, not of betraying my heart. But he chose to leave.

And I don't blame him. Each of us has the right to protect ourselves. But departure doesn't necessarily mean the love wasn't real.

> **He left... and with him, everything left. I walked around the house like a stranger, laughing with them while tears fell secretly from my eyes. I wandered through the rooms not knowing what to do with myself.**

But in the midst of that shattering, I returned... not to him, but to Allah. I became steadfast, my heart calmed, and I became certain that what is not meant for you... will not stay no matter how tightly you hold on. The journey back to Allah was the journey back to myself.

And yet with all that... he returned. Not to stay, but to check on me... then leave again, leaving my heart hanging between hope and fear. He would return like a passing breeze of hope, caressing my face for a moment then disappearing, leaving behind more questions.

Conclusion: So Who Was the Victim?

Me... who lied out of fear of losing him?

Or him... who learned the truth and chose to leave?

Or us... who met in a time that wasn't ours, and lost each other despite everything?

I don't know the answer. But I know one thing: I didn't forget, and I won't forget, and I don't want to forget. Because forgetting is betrayal.

And I hope... that he didn't forget either. That he remembers as I remember. That his heart still carries our imprint no matter how many years pass.

Because in the end... true love doesn't die. It may hurt, it may break, it may leave... but it doesn't die.